

An old mans thoughts

by Hawner

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Stoick

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-04-17 17:35:19

Updated: 2012-04-17 17:35:19

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:25:09

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,212

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: One Shot. Stoick the vast was, and is, a great warrior. But since the dragons started to life among his people he had blamed himself for the time he was killing them.

An old mans thoughts

This story came up to me a few days ago and I wanted to share it with you. I first saw the film maybe a month ago and I just love it.

The character of stoick, Hicup's father, is the ideal viking: Strong both in body and mind, ready to die in battle if Odin wants him so. But also is, as he admits, too stubborn for his own and his people good. And his obsession that dragons are the enemy lead him to the battle in the dragon's island, where he understands that he is wrong.

The story ends quite good in my opinion. But I think things are not that easy for Stoick after that. Everything changing around him is probably very hard to accept. So i came with this, and I hope you like it.

I don't own any HTTYD's character nor the original story, only what happens in here.

\* \* \*

><p>I'm just thinking. Thinking in how my life has changed in the last years.<p>

Ok, I must admit it, they are not big thoughts. I've never been too much of a thinker, ask anyone in the village. I have been always the type of viking that let the axe do the thinking.

But tonight I felt like it's a good moment to put my thoughts in order. Maybe it's the clear sky, no cloud blocking the full moon

light; or the unusually warm air, something really rare in this place as cold as death itself every day of the year. Who knows. Maybe Odin finally decided that it is time for me to get a new helmet that can let space to some brains.

Whatever reason is, the thing is that since what happened 5 years ago, when Hicup saved the entire village and made us all friends with dragons, my life has turned upside down.

For more than 3 centuries, us vikings had to battle dragons to survive. We were trained to fight them, to defeat them, to kill them. Hundreds of us were lost in those years, but we just keep on with it, because we believed that that was the right thing. We were vikings, and them just another enemy. I became the leader with that simple thought in my mind.

My wife was no different. Maybe she was less aggressive when dealing with dragons and used more her brains. She didn't have the same muscle as the rest of the woman in the village, but no one can deny that she killed nearly as much dragons as me, with an axe or with the tools she carried with her. Maybe was that exoticness what made me choose her as my life parter.

Then came Hicup. Strangers may ask why that name for a boy that was suposed to be the great Stoick the Vast's son. Well, it just fitted him. Normal viking boys need quite some hours to born, and the mothers have a hard time bringing them to the world. My son was just the other side. She was ready, she felt that Hicup was about to get out any time soon. She barely had said that she had a hicup attack and broke waters. Only 2 hours after that and very little screaming and the little boy was out. Do you still think his name does not suit him?

Anyway, I has happy to have finnally someone to care about. I would teach him everything I knew, how to fight dragons, how to be the strongest, how to be the best leader when I was gone.

But that was soon discarted. Hicup was totally different as I had expected. He had a body not made for battle, so thin and slim. He looked like a dragon toothstick, for Thor's name! Aslo, he had the ability to cause mess wherever he went. When he was 7 we were in a ferocius battle with a huge horde of dragons that assaulted the village. Instead of taking my hammer with me I took a big battle axe, my father's. Even I had to assume that maybe that would be my last day with the living, and wanted to die as a viking, honoring my father's name.

But in the climax of the battle, when I was in the edge of being crushed by a Mounstrous Nightmare, I saw him coming to me, barely able to even drag my hammer and calling for me, that i had FORGOT it. Forgot! My foolish son thought that I had forgotten my weapon! But that was wiped out of my mind when I saw a Zippleback just behind him about to taste his flesh.

Taking strength from Thor knows where and roaring to the dragon, I pushed the flaming beast away from me, turned back and, with another roar, cutted off one of the Zippleback's head. Not even taking time to see the blood spilling out of the severed neck, I grabbed Hicup and runned as fast as I could to the house, tossed him inside and ordered him to stay there whatever happened. His mother was nowhere

around, so I figured that she was killing dragons elsewhere. I decided to stay close to the house in case that some beast deared to come and get my son.

That night we lost too much people. No one deared to say so, but I knew that, if I had been in the battleflied, some more would have survived. I discussed the matter with my wife, about what Hicup had done and that I had to decide betwen saving either him or the village. Of course, she didn't took it quite well, that Hicup had the best of intentions, risking his own life to help his father and not deserving to be blamed for what had happened.

I was too stubborn back then. Ok, I always have been stubborn, but that day I was specially thick headed. I couldn't see my own son as someone to be proud of. Everytime he stepped outside, trying to help in his own words, some kind of disaster happened. Her mother was the only one supporting him.

Not too long after, she died. Not in battle, but from sickness. Hicup was devastated. The last words she spoke were for him: Be a great man like your father, but also a great human being. Never let time pass over you and never look back the old times. Fight for you wishes untill you have no more blood on you.

For nearly a month he barely eated, and didn't stepped out of the house. I would have done exactly the same, but I had to take care of the village and protect my people. So I pushed away my feelings and went on.

But my surprise was big when Hicup appeared one day at Gobber's workshop and said he wanted to learn about making weapons and engineering. Both Gobber and I were puzzled, but we thought that maybe he was going to finally become a good Viking, even if it was just making good weapons for us to defend the village.

Quite wrong I was. He soon started to invent strage machines that normally failed, but sometimes caused great caos, usually because he tried them when we were attacked.

But everything changed when he followed her mother's last words and was crazy enough to try to train a dragon, to become his friend and to face me. Oh, I feel really like the most foolish man on earth for not have even tried to listen him. Luckily no one died that dreadful day. That would have been my entire fault. In fact I was going to give away my life to save the others. But then, disobeying me once again, he came and changed the odds and my vision of the world.

That costed him his leg. When I saw him on the ground, protected by his dragon, I thought he was dead, but that blessed dragon manage to save him! I thanked all the gods and that dragon for my sons life for the first time in my entire life. Of course I didn't wait to change things on my village. The torches were modified to have food for them, they were allowed to wander inside the village; Hicup's friends, specially Astrid, taught us a bit of how to take care of them, the very few things that they have learned from my son.

When he woke up, he and his dragon were like made for each other. Yes, surely he had a bad time accepting that he would not be able to walk like before, but just the view of them together, that dragon, Toothless, helping him walk, and Hicup helping him to fly was enough

proof of how my life has been all wrong. I should have listened to my wife, I should have listened Hicup. If I did maybe things would be quite different.

Now, 5 years after that, I can not recognize the village as it was before. Dragons flying everywhere, mounted by it's riders, living with us as friends and allies. Everyone in here has it's own dragon. Even the kids! Hicup explained that dragons can sense some sort of union between one person and itself, bonding them to be partners. In those war times that was impossible to happen, as there was so much hate from one to another; but now it just happens starting the time they are born. Children play with dragons as if they were oversized playful dogs, and they do the same. You can see Gronckles roar to them before running to catch them while playing tag, or Nadders sniffing around and licking their faces when they Hide and Seek.

There is just happiness all around. The only thing that bothers me is that in these 5 years no dragon has come to me.

When they started to breed near the village and let them be born inside or houses I usually came over to see such a miracle. Hicup had invented some kind of big barrel full of water that could contain the explosion of the eggs hatching. I have to admit that those baby dragons look really cute... Eeeem, ok, forget I said that. Ejem.

So, I've been around to see born lots of dragons, but none happened to like me. Ok, they don't refuse my hand when I try to caress them, but they don't come after me.

I kind of understand why that happens. It was me who had killed so much dragons and was proud of it, it was me who tossed aside his own son, ignoring his plea of forgiving and not using his dragon friend's life; it was me who had led his people into murdering their kind. It's quite understandable that they feel that and don't feel like wanting to be with me.

It's understandable, but it doesn't mean I like it. It reminds me what I have done, so much wrong things in my life. It's hard to see now how of a bad human being I have been. Not only with the dragons, but with my son and with my wife. I am sure that she would not just be with Hicup when he started training Toothless, but also she would help him, enjoying the same way he did. She killed a lot of dragons, no one can deny it, but she was not right with it. I could see it in her eyes. I'm sure that in the moment she saw a glimpse of what Hicup was up to she would change that second. That was her.

Now I have to bear with it. I have been a fool, thinking that killing was the right thing, that what I said was like Odin's word and no one could go against that. This is my punishment for that.

-Hey, Stoick! Finally it's out!

The voice of Gopher brings back my mind from wherever it was. I smile at him. Though I'm not joyful with those thoughts of myself this is not the time to show how bad I feel.

-It was about time! That dragon must be huge to take so long!

-An'ye are right! I've never seen any baby of 'eir kind 'till now, but

it sure is big!

-Then let's go and say hello to him.

-You're gonna like 'im. First thing he did when he was outta water was look at Little Hicup and let out a roar o' defiance!

Before you think wrong, he is not talking about my son. You see, Gober here also got a dragon for himself. A Mounstrous Nightmare, none the less! It was really small, though. At first we thought that the eggs had mixed with other kind of dragon, but it seems that this one was just smaller than normal.

The very first time it opened its little eyes and saw Gober, it jumped on him and began to lick his face like it was covered in candy. So it stayed almost all day with Gober at his workshop, and turned up that, though his small body, he could throw a flame strong enough to melt steel! So Gober named it Little Hicup, because he said that he looked rather weak but had an incredible potential. I was laughing for a week after that, I swear!

-Ha! I gotta see that little one, then.

It didn't take too long to reach the barn built outside my own house, where everything was happening.

Ah, yes, I forgot. A year ago Hicup found out why Toothless happened to be alone. Male Night Furies happen to live alone until they are adults while the females live in herds. When males come to mating age they look for the females and find their mate.

He found about it while exploring and saw the female pack. Toothless was so excited that he could barely control him! He said when he came back: It was madness! He was circling, twisting, rising and acrobating so fast that I could not keep with him! I'm sure that female thought he looked like me trying to dance with one foot!

That female ended accepting Toothless and her mate, though. Seems that air dancing went better than Hicup guessed.

And now both dragons live in a barn just at the side of my house, so Hicup and Toothless could be together like always. She happened to get pregnant several months ago and the baby dragon Gober was talking about it's theirs.

When we arrived both adults Night Furies were cuddling while watching over their offspring, who was already walking from one side to another, moving his little wings like he wanted to fly and letting some smoke out of his mouth. Obviously everyone present there was laughing.

- Hey, dad. You finally show up! Normally you are wherever there is a dragon birth!

- I had things in hands, son. How is he?

- Just perfect, as you can see. It already tried to escape from the barn a while ago. Astrid went inside to get something we can use as a distraction toy.

As you may have guessed, Astrid and Hicup are still together. Not only that, they are marrying in less than a year!

Not long after the female Night Fury came to live with us, those two thought that they were ready for the next step. I fell down the chair when they told me. Hicup, my son, the one that I used to think back then was useless, is going to marry! I guess it will not be the last time I have to change the way I see things.

I stepped deeper in the barn to see the little dragon. It was indeed a very big baby dragon. But he was more amazing than others. It had the beautyness of their kind. The first time I saw a Night Fury, when Hicup decided he wanted to show us that dragons where not enemies, I could see that it was an amazing dragon. Their black scales, the large wings, the hidden teeth and the strong tail made him an incredible dragon.

This one was the same but in a smaller size. Well, smaler but he could still make me hit the floor!

The baby turned his head to see me, but unlike it had happened with the others he focused his eyes on me. Astrid had just came back with a rope with a little bell at the end of it, but he just ignored everything. He started to come closer to me. My heart forgot to beat in that moment. I was kneeling on one leg in the ground and he put his front leggs on my knee, leveling his eyesight with mine. For a second no one dared to move, and then, without any advice, he left his head over my shoulder and began to pur.

Tears began to fall from my eyes as I realized that he had chosen me as his partner, that even all wrong I have done I was forgiven.

I didn't cry when my wife died. Loosing loved people was something I became used to. But in that moment I couldn't stop my tears of joy, for I have finally understood what meant her with her last words: "Never let time pass over you and never look back the old times". I became depressed because I was looking at those times, when all I knew was the dragons were the enemy and we had to fight and kill them. I was wrong back then, I comited unforgivable crimes, and that burned me from the inside now. But that little dragon had returned me the strenght I needed to feel alive again, that everything would go just good.

- He is really caring, isn't he.

- Dad, the baby is a she. She is a girl.

I looked up to my son, puzzled.

- A girl? Gober was talking like it has a boy.

- Gober can't tell a boy from a girl dragon, can he? I do.

So, it was a girl dragon that had chosen me as a parter. That was just as if destiny had decided this long ago. And because of that I had the perfect name for her.

- I will call her Grazielle

Though Hicup looked surprised at first, he smiled as he

understood.

- Good name.

I nodded.

That was my wife's, Hicup mother's, name.

\* \* \*

><p>I really hope you enjoyed this and forgive me if anything was wrong writed. You see, I'm not English native. In fact I am Spanish. I tried my best to write it in english so more people can read it and specialy for a friend that shown me HTTYD's world. So please forgive my mistakes.<p>

I have another fic about Bleach if you are interested. So, if you know spanish, take a look at it.

Thank you for reading and don't forget to review this!

End  
file.